

# THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL  
AND THE HOME



VOLUME II.

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*For The Beacon.*

## Our Little Teachers.

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.

If the flowers on the hillside  
Should all refuse to bloom,  
And each should grudge the other  
Its little bit of room,  
How bare would be the hillside,  
How sorry we should be;  
But no—they bloom together,  
And lovingly agree.

Suppose the brooklets quarreled  
With channels God had made,  
And left the sunny pastures  
To loiter in the shade;  
But no—the thirsty cattle  
Bend down and drink their fill,  
Because the little brooklets  
Are running that way still.

What if each little rain-drop  
Should say, "I'll not go down  
To freshen up the meadows,  
Or cool the dusty town";  
But no—the merry rain-drops  
Make up within an hour  
To all come down together,  
And then we have a shower.

Suppose the robin-redbreasts  
Should say they would not sing  
Unless the blue-birds stopped it—  
What trouble it would bring!  
But robin joins the blue-bird,  
The blue-bird joins the wren,  
And together make a chorus  
That glads our hearts again.

What if each little dew-drop  
Before the day begun,  
Should say, "I will not sparkle—  
I'm not the only one!"  
But no, they shine together  
Like jewels 'round our feet,  
Making the flowers so fragrant,  
And morning-time so sweet.

What if the little children  
Refused on Children's Day  
To sing their songs together  
Or have a word to say;  
How very, very sorry  
You people all would be—  
But you see we didn't do so,  
Because we all agree.

*What may be right for me to-day may be  
wrong for me to-morrow. Some new im-  
pression, knowledge, power, may entirely vary  
my duty. No other is the judge.*

CHANNING.



FEEDING HER BIRDS—JEAN F. MILLET.

*For The Beacon.*

## The Making of the Neal Boy.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

A shadow fell across the violet frames,  
and Mrs. Stanley looked up to find Dennis  
Neal peering over the backyard fence with  
a look of interest on his usually apathetic face.  
"Good-morning, Dennis. Did you smell  
my violets? Come in and see them," she said.

The boy went round to the gate quickly,  
and came in. He set the basket of clothes  
he was bringing home upon a bench, and  
came over to the violet frames.

"The smell of them came way down the  
alley," he said. "They're sure a nice,  
sweet flower."

"You may pick some to take home," said  
Mrs. Stanley.

The boy stooped down, and gathered half



a dozen blossoms, handling the plants with a tenderness that surprised the lady.

"You may have more," she said. "I grow them to give away. You see, there are many more than I can use."

"They're a right sweet flower," he repeated, holding them up to his face. "I'd most think you could sell them, ma'am."

"I could," she said: "many men and women make a business of raising violets to sell. But I'm not in business. I just raise these few for pleasure." Then something in the boy's face made her go on. "I've even heard of boys and girls making it pay. And it must be a business that's nearly all pleasure, don't you think so?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy.

She encouraged him to pick more flowers, meanwhile watching him thoughtfully. She had never heard so many words from him before in the six months he had been carrying her washings home. She had thought him a stupid, lazy, worthless fellow. But any one who loved violets had redeeming features in Mrs. Stanley's eyes. And, when you saw this boy gathering them, you knew he loved them.

"Why don't you have a bed for yourself, since you like them so?" she suggested. "I shall have some plants to give away this spring, and you may have them if you want them, and you may make your frames in our barn. I will tell you how to plant them, and lend you my book on violet culture. Then perhaps you'll have some to sell next spring, and some of these days I shall hear of you as one of the successful violet growers."

"Thank you, ma'am. I'd like some plants if you have any to spare."

He carried the washing in, and Mrs. Stanley paid him. She was rather jubilant. She remembered now that people said he was lazy and not dependable. Out of regard for the hard-working Widow Neal several people had bestirred themselves to find employment for the big boy; but he kept a job only a few days, and would then be seen lounging about the streets again.

"There must be something that he would be interested in," said Mrs. Stanley to her husband, "and perhaps this is the thing."

"Don't build on it too much, little woman," he cautioned her.

To her dismay she found that her husband's doubts were well founded. The next time Dennis came with the washing he did not glance toward the violet beds. "Next spring's a long way off," he said evasively when Mrs. Stanley tried to find out if he still meant to take some plants.

"It is a long time for a boy to wait," said Mrs. Stanley, when he was gone. "I wish there was some way for him to have violets right now."

And a way did appear. Mrs. Stanley was called away from home for two weeks, quite unexpectedly. Dennis came with the clothes the morning she was getting ready. She didn't think of the plan until she saw him. Then it sprang all ready made into her mind.

"Dennis," she said, "I'm going to be away two weeks, and I want you to take care of my violets. Come out with me, and I will show you about giving the plants air, and keeping the frost out at night, or during the day if it turns cold. You may pick the flowers, of course, and do what you like with them. Sell them if you want to. You can take them to a florist, or make up

bouquets and sell them yourself on the downtown streets."

The boy looked quite animated. "How much will folks pay for them?" he asked.

Mrs. Stanley gathered a small bunch and said, "You can charge fifty cents for a bunch this size."

"Fifty cents!" cried the boy. "Honest, will folks pay that much?"

"Yes, and then your price is less than the florist's. Be sure to keep your flowers nice and fresh. Put damp paper in the bottom of your basket and cover them with damp paper. Take out only a few at a time. And don't forget to have some leaves with each bunch. Now I think I've told you everything."

"Yes, and I don't know but I'd pay fifty cents for them if I had the money," she heard him saying, as she hurried to the house. And again she believed that "there was something to the Neal boy."

The next morning Dennis was out at the violet frames as soon as the sun shone warmly. He spent most of the morning making up his bouquets and packing them carefully in the basket. He was on a downtown corner by the time the business people were coming out for lunch. He felt queer and shy, and only stood holding a bouquet speechlessly. A young, shabby clerk paused first. "Oh, the darling things!" she breathed, and then, "How much?"

"Ten cents, miss!" said Dennis. He knew instinctively that, if he said fifty cents, she would go on with a sorrowful look. But now she fished up ten cents from a collapsed little pocketbook, and went on looking as if she had found good luck. That was the way Dennis thought about it, and, contemplating the new dime in the corner of his basket, he decided that it was a good-luck piece. Dennis asked his next customer, a tired-looking woman, a quarter. The third customer was a prosperous-looking business man, and Dennis said fifty cents to him. It wasn't very businesslike, but, if the customers looked as if they couldn't pay fifty cents, Dennis said twenty-five. But every bouquet was sold before the noon hour was over. Dennis poured his gains into his old pocketbook with rather a dazed air. Nearly four dollars! His mother washed all day long for a dollar and a half. And a fellow that would plan ahead and work could make money like this! A curious new feeling, made up of ambition and determination and shame, came over him.

"I'll have violets to sell next spring," he said. "I'll have 'em all right. And it's no more washings she'll do after that. And she'll have a new dress and hat, and so'll Katy, and we'll paint the house, and buy a new rocking-chair!"

He paused in his castle building to look in a window, and wish he could buy a new dress now; but fortunately he did not attempt that, and contented himself with taking a bag of oranges home for a treat. When he poured his money into his mother's lap and saw the pride and gratitude in her eyes, his determination hardened a little more.

This pleasant programme was repeated every other day for the two weeks, and what time he wasn't down town he was reading the violet book or hanging over the frames. There was no fear that those violets would take cold or lack fresh air on pleasant days.

The violet season was about over when Mrs. Stanley came back. But it was not the old Dennis Neal that met her. This was a wide-awake boy who asked to be al-

lowed to help her set out her plants in return for the help she was giving him. He told of his plans. He had collected lumber for his frames. He had bought second-hand glass cheap. He had worked for Mr. Wade, and had been given manure for his beds in return. He meant to have quantities of flowers next spring, and then the next year he would fill the big back yard at home quite full of frames. After that perhaps he could buy the lot next door, and enlarge his garden still more. Mrs. Stanley listened with amazed pleasure. As they talked, she wondered if the boy didn't know more about violets than she did. Certainly she never doubted that he would do just as he had planned. He might meet difficulties and discouragements, but they would not stop him. In some way he had gained the quality that gets over the obstacles. She didn't know just what the process was, but she could see that in some way Dennis Neal was made over.

### Grey and White.

There was once a rabbit with silver fur;  
Her little grey neighbors looked up to her,  
Till she thought with pride in the moonlit wood,

"The reason I'm white is because I'm good."

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried a tiny mole,  
"A fairy has tumbled into a hole;  
It's full of water and crawling things,  
And she can't get out, for she's hurt her wings."

"I did my best to catch hold of her hair,  
But my arms are so short,—and she's still in there;  
Oh! darling white rabbit, your arms are long,  
You say you are good, and I know you are strong."

"Don't tell me about it," the rabbit said;  
She shut up her eyes and her ears grew red;  
"There's a lot of mud and it's sure to stick,  
Because my hair is so long and so thick."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" sobbed the poor little mole,  
"Who will help the fairy out of the hole?"  
A common grey rabbit popped up from the gorse,  
"I'm not very strong, but I'll try, of course."

His little tail bobbed as he waded in,  
The muddy water came up to his chin;  
But he caught the fairy tight by the hand  
And sent her off safe into fairyland.

But she kissed him first on his muddy nose,  
She kissed his face, and his little wet toes;  
And, when the day dawned in the early light,  
That little grey rabbit was shining white.

*Selected.*

### Strange Little Tailors.

Most curious are the sewing, or tailor, birds of India,—little yellow things not much larger than one's thumb. To escape falling a prey to snakes and monkeys, the tailor bird picks up a dead leaf and flies up into a tree, and with a fibre for a thread and its bill for a needle sews the leaf to a green one hanging from the tree. The sides are sewed up, an opening to the nest thus formed being left at the top. That a nest is swinging in the tree no snake or monkey or even man would suspect.

*Young Days.*



### The Spider's Web.

Before our cottage door that night  
No herald flung his gauntlet down,  
Nor roar of guns on neighb'ring height  
Roused from her dreams the ancient town;  
No bugle-call rang through the air,  
Upon the ear no drum-beat fell,  
No picket paced the dark wood where  
We heard the thrush's silver bell.

But when next morn, at rise of sun,  
Our garden path we fain had tried,  
We found the work of siege begun,  
The gateway closed and fortified.  
We peered across the barricade  
To where the morning-glories grew,  
The pansies dimpling in the shade  
The tall syringa's branches threw,

White lilies in their regal state,  
The poppies' ensigns floating wide;  
But sentried was the garden gate,  
And we perforce must wait outside.  
And then we thought how long ago  
The burghers fumed, and women wept,  
Surprised at night by wily foe,  
Their gateways captured while they slept!

Carnations wafted spicy scents  
About the hedges of sweet peas,  
And round the foxglove's purple tents  
We heard the droning of the bees.  
But what to us the golden crown  
The marigold in triumph wore,  
Or honeyed wine that weighted down  
The horns the columbine upbore,

Since weird Arachne, pygmy sly,  
Had spread her snares across our way,  
Forbidding eager feet to try  
The longed-for path that summer day?  
And, vanquished by the spinner's toil,  
We yielded all our claims to her;  
What heart could bid the hand despoil  
That miracle in gossamer!

ANNIE M. L. HAWES, in *Youth's Companion*.

For The Beacon.

### A Canadian Fairy-tale.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY  
H. BEDFORD-JONES.

Once upon a time there lived a powerful king who had three sons. Feeling himself getting on in years and wishing to find out the real character of his sons, he called them to him one fine day.

"My sons, I feel that only a little time remains to me," he said. "I do not know which one of you most merits my throne, for you seem fairly equal in all good qualities. So take a horse and plenty of money and travel for a year and a day; then come back, and each bring the finest chariot he can find. To him that brings the most beautiful chariot I will give my kingdom."

So the three brothers bade their father farewell, took horses, and filled their pockets with money from the treasure, and departed by three different roads.

Robert, the eldest, travelled for a long time, seeking a beautiful chariot in vain. Finally, he came to an unknown desert, and there met an old, dirty beggar-woman who accosted him.

"Where are you going, my prince?"

"None of your business," replied Robert, offended by her familiarity. "Attend to your affairs, and I'll attend to mine."

"You are not very polite," grinned the

ugly old beggar, "but I think that you will repent your words some day."

So Robert went on from town to town, but was unable to find any unusual kind of chariot, so in the end he gave up, and had a builder make him a very beautiful one out of mahogany, and with this started home.

Richard, the second brother, travelled for a long time, and at last came to a great sea. Near the shore he met a wrinkled old beggar-woman, as his brother had done, and she addressed him in the same fashion.

"Where are you bound for, my prince?"

"Did I ask where you were going, old witch?" replied the prince, in derision, for he, too, felt offended. "Do you think I'll make you my confidant? Not much!"

"Don't be angry, pretty prince!" leered the old woman. "I know where you are going, but you won't find what you look for, he, he!"

As his brother had done, Richard wandered for nearly a year with no success whatever. So he, too, went back toward home, and had a builder make him a very beautiful chariot of rosewood inlaid with pearls. He also met his brother, and in talking over their adventures both the young princes felt sorry for the way they had spoken to the old beggar.

"It must have been the same one," they concluded. "We certainly did wrong, for perhaps she was a fairy of some kind!"

John, the youngest of the three, wandered everywhere searching for a wonderful chariot which he could buy. He, too, had no luck of any kind, and one day, when he came to the edge of a wide river, he met the old beggar-woman.

"Hello, my prince!" she cried. "Where are you going?"

"Good day, old woman," he replied, pulling up his horse. "To tell the truth, I don't know. I'm looking for the most beautiful chariot in all the world, and I guess I'll have to go home without finding it. I suppose you can't help me out?"

The dirty old woman grinned. "Surely, my prince! Since you are not ashamed to speak to an old woman, come with me."

She led John to a little hut, and there showed him the most disreputable chariot that he had ever seen in all his life. It was almost falling to pieces from old age, and he had hard work to keep from laughing as he gazed at it.

"See," cried the beggar-woman, proudly, "isn't it a pretty car, my prince? If I wasn't starving, I would not sell it, but, if you like, I will let you have it for the money in your pockets."

John looked at the chariot and then at the old woman, and he saw that she looked thin and weak as if she was starving to death. So poor was she, so hopeless and old, that the boy felt sorry for her all at once, and turned out his pockets.

"Here, old woman! Take the money, for I have no time to search farther, anyway. I'll just turn around and get home, and leave you the chariot."

"No, no!" she cried, clutching the bridle. "Take the chariot with you! Promise me that you will take it home, and I assure you that you will not be disappointed when you get there!"

John laughed, thinking of how his brothers would jeer at him if he came home with such a sorry chariot; but he complied, in order to humor the old woman. When she had thanked him, he hitched his spare horse to the rickety old chariot and rode home.



THE SPIDER'S WEB.



When he reached the city, he rode through the streets and heard that everybody had gone to the palace, for his two elder brothers had brought home very fine chariots. So John, feeling greatly ashamed, led the tumble-down affair up to the gate, and went in without it.

"Greetings, my son!" cried his father as he entered the court. "And did you, too, bring home a chariot for me?"

For an instant John was tempted to say that he couldn't find any; then he remembered his promise to the old woman, and flushed.

"There is one outside the gates, father," he replied.

At the same instant the grand gates burst open, and in came the most wonderful equipage ever seen at the court. The chariot, of gleaming silver, was drawn by two winged horses, swift as the wind; and in the chariot sat the old beggar-woman.

Before the court and the king she told the story of how the two elder brothers had repulsed her. Then she threw off her rags, and every one gasped, for she was seen to be a fairy! So John was given the throne at the death of his father; and he saw that his brothers were very well provided for all their lives, too!

*For The Beacon.*

### Building the Breakwater.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

We were spending a week down on Cape Cod. Having rented a cottage close to the beach, we spent most of the time near the water, or in it. As our summer place was some miles inland, it was the water that we cared most for, and so we got just as much of it as we could. Sometimes we got a good deal more than we wanted, when the surf ran high.

One afternoon I was lying on the cool side of a huge rock close to the water's edge. A boat was sailing slowly in from the distance. It grew larger as it came nearer, and finally it cast anchor a few hundred yards from where I lay.

Then I saw that the schooner was loaded with stone. Great rocks were piled on its decks. From somewhere to the north it had sailed down with its heavy load.

As I watched, the men on board began to do what seemed to me a very foolish thing. They took hold of the rocks with which the boat was laden, and threw them into the sea. One by one they fell in with a huge splash.

This was kept up until every rock on board was dropped over. When the last one had fallen, the sails were again raised, the anchor was lifted, and the schooner sailed out toward the open sea and the north.

During the week that followed this occurred many times. Boat after boat sailed in, anchored near the same spot, and cast over their loads of stone. And each time only a succession of splashes took place, and, when the boats had gone, there was nothing to show for the work of the boats and the men upon them.

The next summer we came again. And, when I went down to the same place where I had watched the schooners come in, there were none of them there; but I saw in a moment the reason for their work of the summer before.

At the very spot where they had dropped over their loads was a long, low wall of stone. It stretched out for a great distance into the

sea. And I knew that whenever a storm came up, and the waves dashed in from the open, sweeping boats before the tempest, this line of stone was a great protecting arm that reached out into the angry sea, and saved the vessels that would otherwise have been wrecked upon the rocks of the shore.

And I knew, too, that the men on the schooners the summer before had really been doing useful work, when I thought it only foolish. For every stone that splashed into the sea went to make part of the breakwater that meant life and safety in time of storm.

It is really just the same with much of the work that we have to do, if we are living the very best lives that we can. And, unless we know the real good of being good, it is not likely that any of us will keep on doing the best things.

Sometimes we do a kind deed or speak a kind word, and there is no result at all. If any good has been done, it is not visible. Everything goes on just the same as before. It is just like the splash of the stone that fell into the sea and disappeared.

What we need to know is that no good deed is ever lost, no kind word is ever wasted, no helpful act is ever useless. They all count in building, though the building may not be seen. They all help to help somebody in time of storm upon the sea of life.

Keep on working and loving. Sometime we shall see the result of our work.

The greatness of Jesus did not lie in the fact that he was different from others, but in the fact that he lived differently.

REV. HAROLD MARSHALL.

### Give Him a Lift.

I was trudging one day down a dusty road While my back was curved under a bit of a load.

And the way was long and my feet were sore, And my bones ached under the load I bore; But I struggled on in the summer's heat, Then, rest a little I shouldered my load, And wended my way down the dusty road. The morning stretched into the afternoon— My journey's end seemed as far as the moon; Till at length a horse and wagon drew near, And my heart revived with a spark of cheer. But the man saw only his own small soul, And the narrow way to his narrow goal, And he whipped his horse to a guilty trot, Though the sand was deep and the day was hot,

And he passed me by on the dusty road, And I sank still lower beneath my load.

Yet out of the dust came another man, With a grizzled beard and a cheek of tan, And he pulled up short, and he gayly cried, "I say there, comrade, get in and ride!" And he placed my bundle behind the seat, And he said, "Climb in here an' rest your feet;

I never pass by a man on the road, An' 'specially, friend, if he's got a load." And my feet were rested, my heart was light; And I blest the driver who'd gayly cried, "I say there, comrade, get in and ride!" Ah! The world is full of sore-footed men Who need a slight lift every now and again, And the angels can see through the white cloud rift All the God-like souls who give them a lift.

JOE CONE, in *Boston Herald*.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA LX.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, is one.

My 2, 12, 4, grows on trees.

My 4, 1, 13, 9, is to revolve.

My 10, 11, 5, 7, 6, is to sit on.

My 6, 1, 2, is to go fast.

My 14, 15, 12, 6, 9, is how you make butter.

My 8, 7, 13, is what we breathe.

We should always be loyal to my whole.

HOWARD JAMISON.

### ENIGMA LXI.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 4, 14, 6, 8, is something you sit on.

My 6, 7, 8, is an insect that builds a hill for a home.

My 1, 2, 12, is a name for a policeman.

My 8, 9, 10, is what some pans are made of.

My 13, 11, 5, is something you build a house on.

My 3, 11, is to say you won't do it.

My whole is a foreign city.

ARTHUR SMITH, JR.

### BEHEADED RHYMES.

The precious cargo at last was —,  
The vessel down the river was —,  
And we quite forgot a salute we —.

We followed along on our clumsy —,  
Young Robert nearly upset the —,  
We saw the danger, and ordered him —.

One passenger was deep in —,  
All day he had been carting —;  
His face was burned as brown as —.

Two farmers sat discussing —,  
Fearing 'twas ruined by the —,  
One said, "It wouldn't be fit to —!"

An artist his colors did skilfully —,  
A pretty maiden her face did —;  
How we wished we could wait to see the —!

We watched the sailors fishing for —,  
If we laughed aloud, they called to us, "—!"  
And we saucily named their boat "an —."

But we had to praise their seaman's —,  
When the ugly monster we say them —.  
Why, just one look at it made us —!

But now the shadows long were —,  
And with a will we must be —,  
To distant homes our presence —.

*Youth's Companion.*

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 31.

ENIGMA LVII.—Read *The Beacon*.

ENIGMA LVIII.—Mechanic Arts.

A WORD SQUARE.—FOWL

OGRE

WREN

LENT

Answer to Enigma LIII. has been sent us by C. A. Holbrook, of Dorchester, Mass.

## THE BEACON.

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